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Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

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"A Lovely Time Was Had."

[Will A. White.] Bill Hooks, the item chaser on the Willer Creek Gazette, was the likeliest hustler that old man McCray could get. As a runaway reporter or a writer up of shows, Bill never had an equal nor a rival, goodness knows. So we sent him up an invite to a party Susie give. And he wrote a piece about it that was fine, as sure's you live. But all I kin remember is, "We hardly need to add. The guests agreed at leaving that a lovely time was had." Oh, yes—now come to think of it, her man cooked up some cake. And pies and floatin' island truck that Susie helped to make. And there was pickled, too, and beets and jelly and jam. And slaw and chicken salad; and some sandwiches of ham. And them Bill said was "viands," which in writin' up he owned. "Made a temptin' feast of good things, and the table fairly groined. And when the wee sma' hours were come, we hardly need to add. The guests agreed at leaving that a lovely time was had." Old Bill has gone from Willer Creek; the Gazette is no more. For old McCray has stole away to find the Golden Shore. And Susie has been married off for lo' these many years. And some of them that came that night have quit this vale of tears; But maw has in her scrap book—long with little Laura's death, And the poem about the baby and the accident to Seth—The piece about the party, and to-day it makes us glad To read at Susie's party "a lovely time was had." —Kansas City Star.

THE ART GALLERIES.

An Interesting Review of Some Famous Paintings.

MILAN, Italy, Aug. 20, 1892. We have suffered from the heat the last few days. The three days in Venice were terrible. In Rome the sun was very warm, but when we got in the shade of a building there was a cool breeze, and the nights were cool, but in Venice the nights were almost as warm as the days and the only cool places we found were the churches. Some of the party were not able to sleep on account of the heat and mosquitoes, but I managed to keep quite comfortable by taking cold baths and wetting my head with bay rum and water. In spite of the heat in Venice our stay was a delightful one, and we found the city more than we had dreamed it was.

But I haven't told you nearly all about Florence. I enjoyed the galleries there more than any others we have visited. In the Uffizi I saw Venus de Medici, the wrestlers, and the slave grinding his knife. The last one, particularly, I thought was fine. Then in paintings there were Titian's "Mora," Sassoferrato's "Mater Dolorosa," Fra Angelico's "Madonna With the Angels," Raphael's "Madonna del Cardellino," and one of Andrea del Sarto's.

I liked the Pitti gallery the best. It has only five hundred pictures, but they are all good. The rooms are beautiful, and it is a delight to be there. There were beautiful inlaid marble tables in the rooms. The main body of one was of dark red porphyry with sea shells, coral and pearls scattered over it. They were just as natural as could be. The pearls were strung on a string and they looked so round I could hardly believe they were on a level with the rest of the table. Other tables had flowers and fruit on them. There are a great many of Andrea del Sarto's pictures in the gallery and I liked them very much indeed. The coloring is very pleasing to me and then I am interested in the story of his life. There is one picture I think Browning must have based his poem on. It is a portrait of Andre del Sarto and his wife painted by himself. She is very beautiful but still you can see there isn't much depth to her character, and there is something about the picture that makes you feel that she was his all and still his curse. One night Professor read the poem to us and two other evenings he read to us selections from Romola; the introduction about Romola's brother's death, and the trial by fire. You can hardly imagine how much more the book means to me since I have seen the places. There are several of Raphael's Madonnas in the Pitti. The one I like best is the "Madonna of the Grand Duke." Going back to it the second time as I did, I liked it more and more. The opportunity to go twice to these galleries made them much more helpful to us. There were paintings in the Pitti that were familiar to me, and on that account much more interesting. Michael Angelo's "Fates" I liked much better in the picture than in the photograph; that is true of them all, though. I think I liked best of all, unless it was Raphael's "Madonna of the Grand Duke," Murillo's "Madonna and Child." It was a perfect delight to sit and study that sweet earnest face of the mother, and the dear baby. Another beautiful one is, Andrea del Sarto's, "John the Baptist." It is a new conception to me of John—to make him so young, but it is such a frank, open, beautiful face. Saturday some of us went to the Cathedral Museum, just behind the Duomo, where the different plans of the cathedral are kept and best of all the choir lofts that used to be in the Duomo. They are of white marble with reliefs by della Robbia and Donatello. On one are dancing geni, and on the other singing choir boys and children playing on different instruments, horns, cymbals and such. They are beautifully carved and the figures have a charming grace. Next we went to Piazza dell' Annunziata. On one side of this square is the castle Riccardi Manelli from which the lady in Browning's "Statue and the Bust" looked out. There never was any bust, but the statue is the one of Feridind which stands in the middle of the square. Opposite this palace is the hospital with della Robbia's porcelain medallions. No two are alike, and you think each one is better than the last one you looked at. In the afternoon we saw where Mrs. Browning used to live and ate watermelon on the way. We went into a shop and saw them make inlaid marble work. The price of one table of black marble, with a wreath of cream roses with leaves and branches around it, was \$500. It was about a yard in diameter. They select marble of the exact shade, and none of the coloring is paint. In making a rose they first put the pieces together on some plaster paris, and then cut a hole in the table as large as the rose and fit it in. They make a great many kinds of flowers, lilies of the valley, forget-me-nots, fleur-de-lis, carnations morning glories and roses. Then they make people in fancy dresses, shells and a hundred other things. Sunday we went to San Marco, and saw where Savonarola and Fra Angelico nearly every cell has frescoes by Fra Angelico. I have learned to love his work very much. There is nothing "earthy" about him. In Savonarola's cell are his crucifix, a desk like with three books with his own writing in them (two Bibles and a note book), his rosary, pieces of his coarse hair robe, and his portrait painted by Fra Bartolomeo. My interest in Savonarola's life made these places mean much to me. I crossed Ponte Vecchio six or eight times; once by the covered passage way that goes over it connecting the Pitti and Uffizi galleries. I often thought of poor Tito. I looked for Tessa all the time I was in Florence but didn't see quite her. But I saw the cart with the bells and red tassels.

PALLANZA, Italy, Aug. 21, 1892.

Last night there was a terrible thunder shower. I think I never heard the peals of thunder come so close together. The thunder echoed around these hills at a great rate. It is still raining so that we can not get the full beauty of this lovely place. We look out on lake Maggiore so near that I think I could throw a stone into it. Over on the other side of the lake are great mountains with rolling outlines. At their base is a beautiful little town. There isn't a room in this house that doesn't have a lake view for the hotel is situated on a peninsula. The house is surrounded by beautiful trees and gardens. It seems good to see such green foliage after the olive trees of Rome and the canals of Venice. We left Florence Monday morning, and spent the day in Bologna. We struck a holiday, the fifteenth of August, the "Assumption of the Virgin," and all Bologna and the surrounding country was out to celebrate. You should have seen the crowd gathered around us while Mr. R. was looking for a hotel. He was gone half an hour and during that time we were the "observed of all observers." In other places the people haven't done much more staring than we have, but here the people didn't have anything else to do and so they improved their time in this way. We have seen no drunkenness or fighting on the streets, but every where good order. The thing we stopped at Bologna to see, Raphael's "St. Cecilia" we came near not seeing. The gallery was to be closed at two on account of the holiday, but by special permission we remained three quarters of an hour, though we did not get there till a little after two. Mr. J. said they succumbed immediately when he told them that twenty American ladies wished to see the picture. It was worth the trouble to see the picture. There were also many works by Guido Reni there—one a drawing of Christ's head that I

liked even better than his "Ecce Homo." One church we visited in Bologna contains Guido Reni's tomb. In one way St. Stefano is the most interesting church we have seen. It is made of seven different churches built together. A square, tower-like building joins on to a domed one. The outside view is very peculiar. Bologna has two leaning towers very near each other; one is three hundred and twenty feet high and leans four feet, the other is one hundred and sixty-three feet high and leans two. The city is peculiar in that it has so many arcades. Almost every street is lined with those beautiful, cool arcades.

Ye Olden Times.

Ed. Register.—When the Iron mountain and Pilot Knob mines were first worked, there were no railroads this side of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and of course, all the hauling to and from St. Louis, and to and from St. Genevieve, was done by ox, horse and mule teams. Every farmer about, or at least most of the farmers that had teams, would, after his crop was laid by, hitch up his team and go on the road, hauling pig iron or blooms to St. Genevieve on the bank of the Mississippi river. Then it was carried to all parts of the country to work into the thousand and one things that are made from iron.

I well remember seeing hundreds of big ox teams, teams of four and five yoke of oxen. Sometimes you would see a long string of ox teams, of fifteen or twenty teams, strung all along the road. Every driver of an ox team would have one of those great long whips, and it would astonish a person that had never seen such teams and whips. I, at that time, drove a good pair of horses, and of course, drove much faster than those ox teams could travel, and I would pass them. Some times you could see a dozen or more teams standing resting, and such a racket those drivers would make popping those great big whips, and it is surprising how close they can come to anything and not touch it. I have seen a lot of those drivers standing in a circle with some object in the center and each driver would take a pop at it to see just how near he could come to the object and not touch it. If an unlucky horse happened to light on an oxen's back, with a pop of that big whip the driver would send that fly to kingdom come mighty quick. He would take that fly off just as neat and not touch a hair of that oxen's hide.

When we first commenced hauling along that road, every dog that lived along the road would come charging out at the teams, and before that dog knew what he was about, he would be in the center of a ring of whips, and such a cracking of whips! At every pop of the whip, which came from every side, would cut a lock of hair from the poor dogs hide, and the dog would become paralyzed with fear, and would not move, but lie curled down to the ground until his hide would be just as spotted as if he had been in the hands of a sheep shearer. When the ring spread so that he could go, you would see that dog streak it for the back of the house, and would never see that dog come out to the road after such a lesson. No, sir, always after that when he heard those whips along the road, he would keep himself hid. It wasn't but a few weeks before a man traveling along that road would think there were no dogs in the country.

Such jolly old times the teamsters had camping out nights. When night came, each driver would unhitch his team, and as he unyoked each ox, he would put a big bell on and let them go and feed. At that time there was plenty of good grass all along the road, and such a noise as those bells—forty or fifty of them—a ringing away away as the ox fed on the rich grass. When an ox has filled himself, which will not take but a short time, he will lie down and chew the cud of contentment. What a pleasant sound as each ox in chewing his cud, keeps time with soft strikes and keep up a kind of an anvil chorus; only now and then a kind of a rattle, bang for a minute then all quiet down again. Then, as every driver sits around the fire and cooks and eats his supper, what good times they had; and, after the things are put away, each fellow raps himself in his blanket on the ground and the sky for a covering, and such pleasant dreams, until the morning light breaks in upon them, unless some ox wakes up and goes to feeding, which is a signal for the whole herd to get up, and who could sleep after such a bell wringing. As the light gets brighter, and the sun has come up in sight, once more all is hurry and bustle to get breakfast, while some are detached to round up the oxen, get the yokes on and the bells all hung on the hind end of the wagon. When all are ready to move, then the woods will fairly ring with the crack-

ing of whips, like the sound of a butter nut, so with those that drove horses or mules; how quiet and noiseless everything is; no loud talking, no popping of whips; every thing so quiet; and how, as the driver mounts the horse, or mule and touches the team, how noiseless and quiet everything moves off. What a contrast! Oh, what pleasant times those were! How odd it used to look to see three or four yoke of oxen, or four or six mules or horses, hitched to a big wagon, and the bed just a platform, no sides, but just a low plank, for the load is pig iron or blooms.

When the Knob works first started, it was called the Madison Iron Mining Co. We were a part of Madison county at that time. The Company put up, besides the furnaces, a bloomery or forge, where they made great big blooms. If I remember right, there were six fires. Each fire is not unlike a blacksmiths fire, only much larger and the blower is run by an engine with a hot blast. So that the wind that comes to the fire is as hot as the fire. One day, in passing the hot air pipe, I happened to put my hand out, not thinking, and it seared all the inside of my hand in a moment.

It was a grand sight to go and look at the workmen as they were at work at their fires. Now one man has his bloom ready for the fire, as, with an iron bar he pries that great hot melted mass of iron out of the fire, and it rolls on to the ground all white hot, dripping with molten stuff, another man, with a heavy hammer, pounds a place at one edge to catch those great tongs onto the bloom, which is about as large and the shape of a coal basket. When he has those great tongs fastened to it all right, comes a great crane swinging around to the tongs, with an endless chain on a pulley above. Now he runs the long handle of his tongs through this chain down almost to the bloom. Now, as he raises the bloom and swings it around on to the anvil the tongs man astride of the handles of the tongs, so his weight will help to hold the bloom in place. Now, you see that great hammer, which weighs about ten or fifteen tons, rise slowly; all at once it comes down with a crash and oh, how the blood of that hot bloom gushes out and fills the whole shop with a glittering light, and at each rise and fall it seems as though you could hear it fairly talk, and at each crushing blow you see the man on the tongs turning that great mass of molten matter this way and that way until he gets it in such shape as he wants, or the bloom gets too cold. Then the hammer stops and the bloom is put back in the fire for another heating, and so the process goes on day after day and night after night, until after the blooms are ready for shipment, or ready for the other house which draws these blooms into heavy bars or strips ready for the blacksmith. It is an interesting sight to stand or sit and see and watch all the different processes that a piece of ore goes through before it comes in the shape of a watch spring or a beautiful knife. It is wonderful what the human mind can do when educated. How perfect! how beautiful! are the works of men when guided by proper motives. It is wonderful what an educated mind is capable of. Boys and girls, work.

"Work for the night is coming. Work through the sunny noon: Fill brightest hours with labor, Rest comes easy and soon. Give every flying minute Something to keep in store: Work for the night is coming. When men work no more."

T. P. R.

Facts and Figures.

There are 197 publication and news agencies in St. Louis, and, according to the official figures given by Mr. Jno. B. Harlow, Postmaster, all of those sent out, during the month of July, 1892, 829 pounds of second-class mail matter, which includes all newspapers and periodicals mailed from the office of publication. Of this total, *The St. Louis Republic* mailed 329,139 pounds, or about one-third of all, which fact tells its own story as to the wonderful popularity and large circulation of the great Democratic Newspaper of the West and Southwest.

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